



anc



Red

MASK

RED
MASK

NO.43





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

RED

MASK

WE'RE TRAPPED IN A BOX CANYON BY THESE FLAMES, BRONC—AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

AS THE FLAMES OF INDIAN WARFARE ENGULF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST—SO THE FIRE AND FLAME OF HARDCASE KILLERS ENGULF **REDMASK!** AND REDMASK IS THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN KEEP THE PEACE BETWEEN RED MAN AND WHITE, FOR HE CARRIES A VITAL MESSAGE TO THE CHEYENNE CHIEF, SITTING WOLF! ONLY DEATH ITSELF OFFERS A WAY OUT FOR REDMASK AS HE TRIES TO ELUDE THE DEATH TRAPS OF—

"THE DOOM TRAIL"

3D EFFECT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK BOLE

SUNSET OVER THE BULLET COUNTRY FINDS A DETAIL OF U.S. CAVALRY AT ATTENTION BEFORE A LIGHTNING-BLASTED TREE TRUNK...

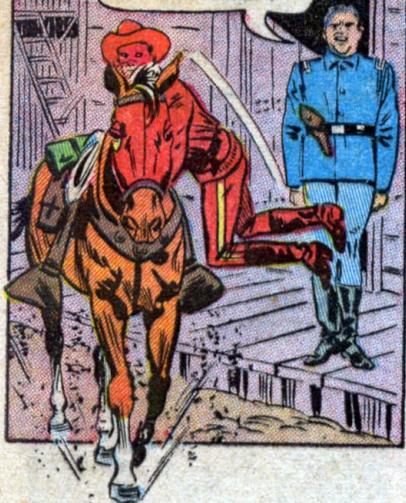
IF ANYONE CAN HELP US, REDMASK CAN—IF HE ANSWERS THAT LETTER FAST ENOUGH!
FORWARD—YO!

THAT NIGHT—

THE TREATY BETWEEN SITTING WOLF'S CHEYENNES AND THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN BROKEN! SITTING WOLF THREATENS TO GO ON THE WAR PATH!

LATER, AT FORT DANGER...

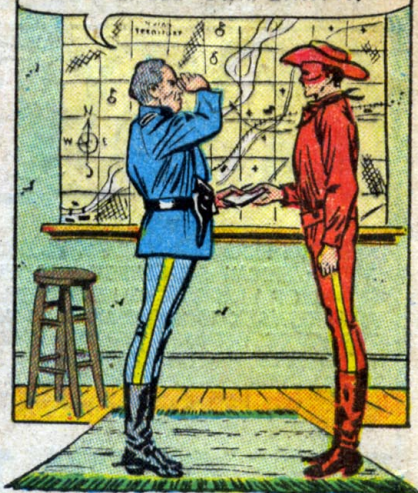
I CAN'T SPARE A MAN, REDMASK. THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU — TO CARRY A MESSAGE TO SITTING WOLF!



BY THE TERMS OF THAT TREATY, WE WERE SUPPOSED TO FURNISH FOOD TO THE CHEYENNES. STORMS AND FLOODS DELAYED OUR CATTLE TRAINS. IF WE DON'T GET WORD TO SITTING WOLF THAT THOSE CATTLE ARE NOW ON THEIR WAY — HE'S GOING TO WAR!

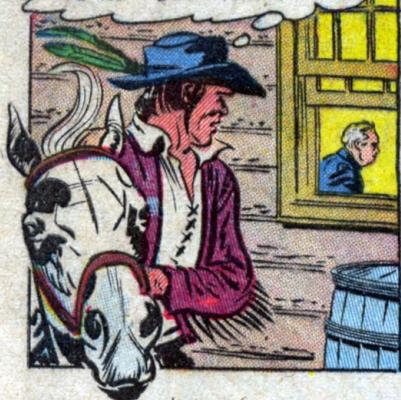


THE APACHES ARE UP AROUND HERE. I NEED EVERY MAN FOR PATROL DUTY. THAT'S WHY I'M ASKING YOU TO GET THIS THROUGH TO SITTING WOLF! HE'LL WAIT THREE DAYS, BUT **ONLY** THREE DAYS! **SPEED IS IMPORTANT!**



OUTSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING—

SO REDMASK IS BRINGING THE TREATY, IS HE? WAIT! KANE HEARS ABOUT THAT!

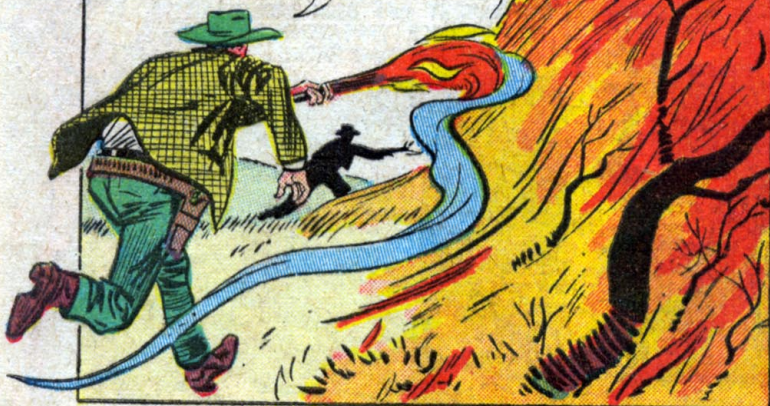


AS DAWN TINTS THE HIGH BORDER COUNTRY, LUCIUS TWO FEATHER MAKES HIS REPORT...

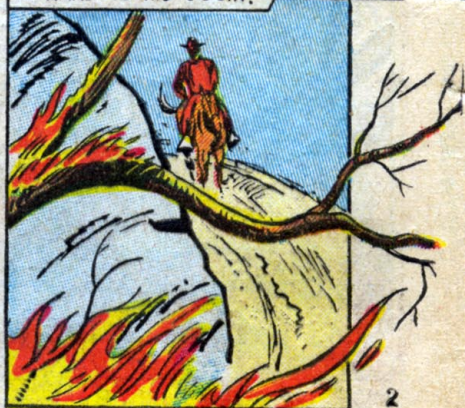
I'LL HANDLE REDMASK, ALL RIGHT! ONCE HE'S **DEAD** — SITTING WOLF WILL GO ON THE WARPATH, AND BUY HIS GUNS AND AMMUNITION FROM US!



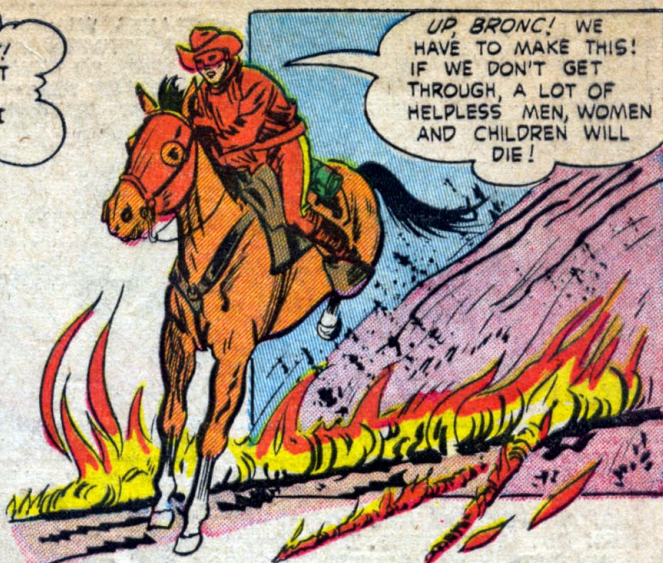
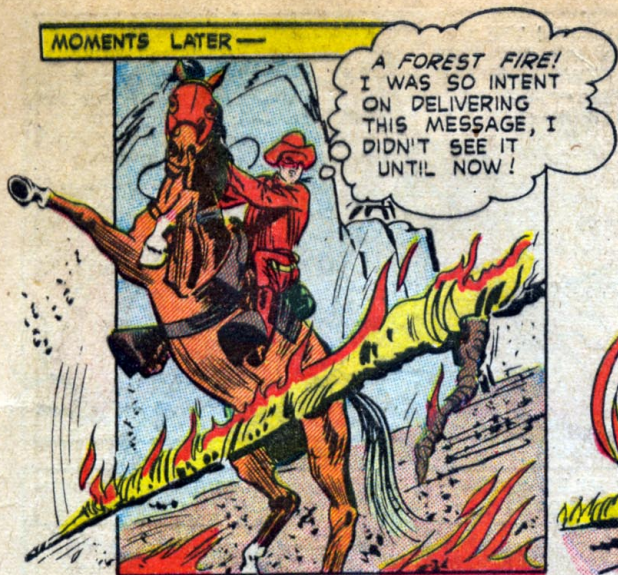
THESE FIRES WILL SPREAD A BIG ARC! BEFORE HE KNOWS IT, REDMASK WILL BE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THEM — WITH NO WAY OUT!



UNAWARE THAT HE IS GALLOPING INTO A VAST, ENCIRCLING FIRE THAT IS BEING WHIPPED ALONG BY THE HIGH WIND, REDMASK CAREENS ONWARD TO HIS DOOM!

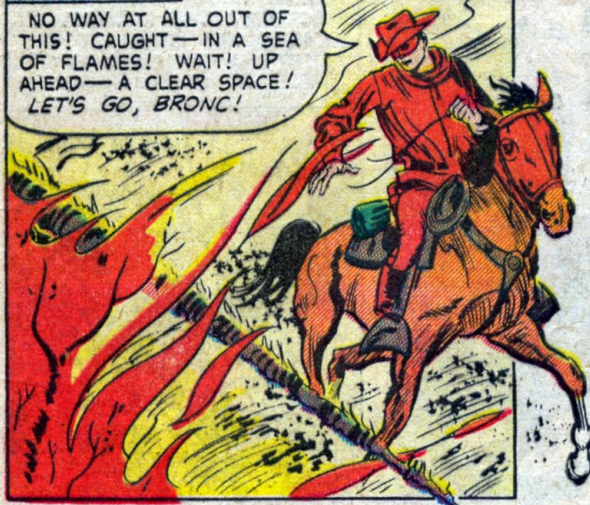


MOMENTS LATER —

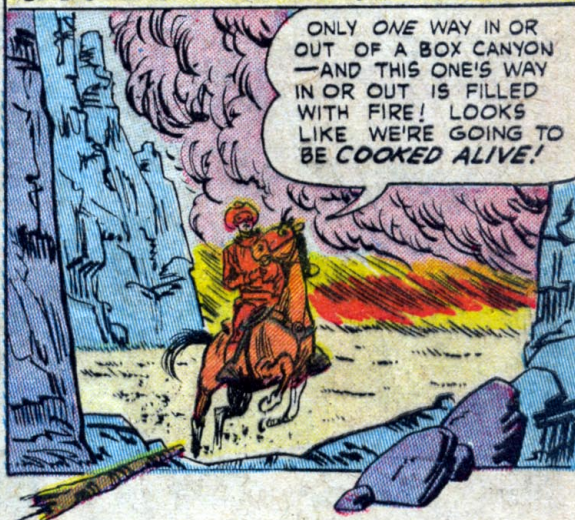


BUT A WALL OF RED FLAME TURNS HIM, AGAIN AND AGAIN...

NO WAY AT ALL OUT OF THIS! CAUGHT—IN A SEA OF FLAMES! WAIT! UP AHEAD—A CLEAR SPACE! LET'S GO, BRONC!

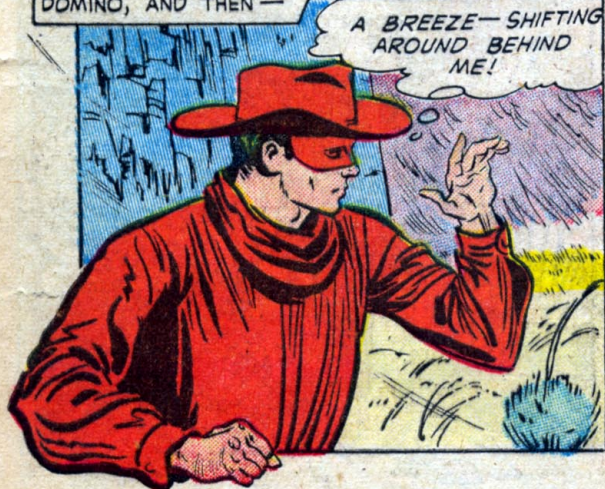


SUDDENLY, TO HIS UTTER HORROR, REDMASK DISCOVERS HE IS TRAPPED IN A BOX CANYON!

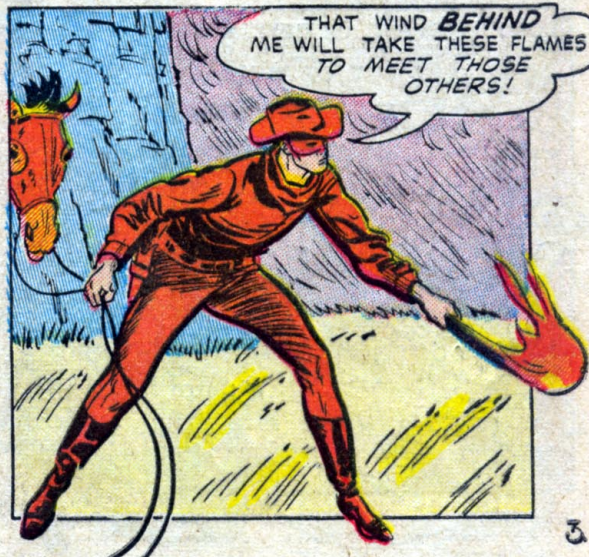


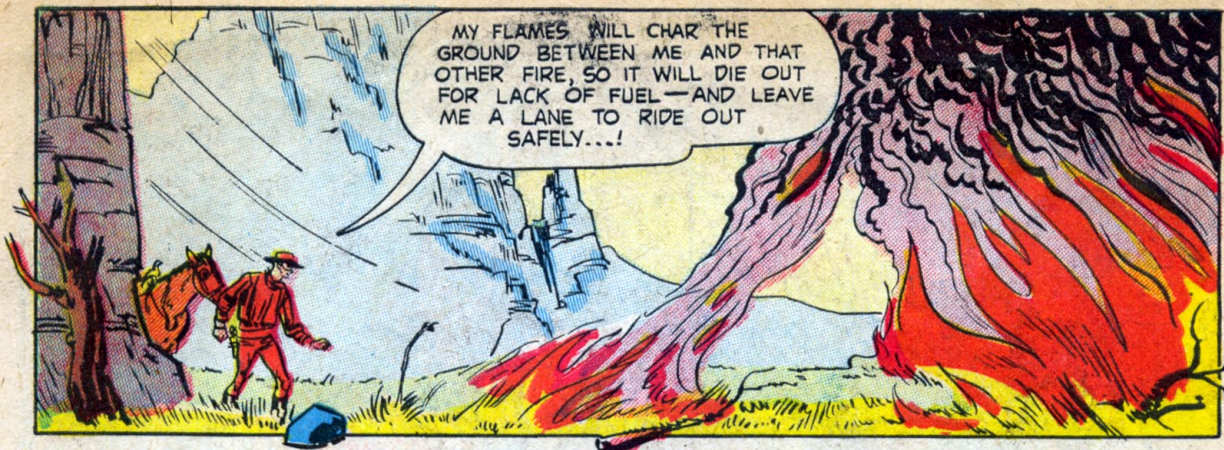
DEATH BY SEARING, BURNING RED FLAMES IS A HORRIBLE DEATH! SWEAT STAINS REDMASK'S DOMINO, AND THEN —

A BREEZE—SHIFTING AROUND BEHIND ME!



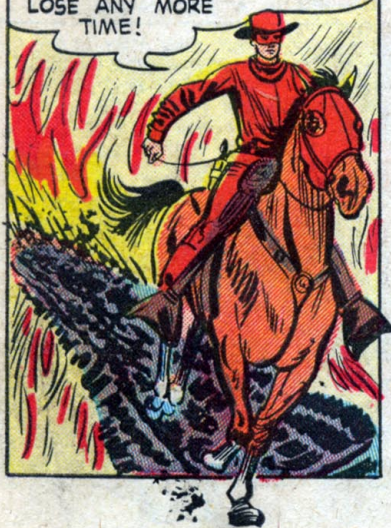
THAT WIND BEHIND ME WILL TAKE THESE FLAMES TO MEET THOSE OTHERS!





SOME TIME LATER...

WAITING FOR THE FIRE TO BURN OUT TOOK TIME. I'M A DAY LATE NOW! SITTING WOLF WON'T WAIT AFTER TOMORROW SUNSET. I CAN'T LOSE ANY MORE TIME!



NEXT DAY, MANY MILES BEYOND THE BURNED OUT FOREST...

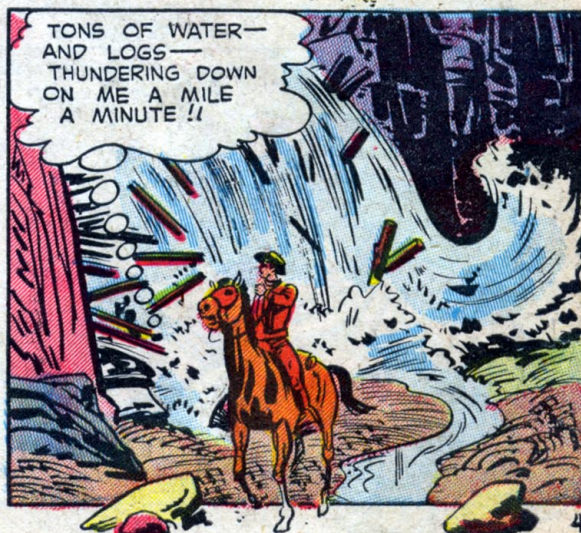
THUNDERATION! REDMASK GOT OUT OF THAT FIRE SOMEHOW! HERE HE COMES NOW!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, KANE?

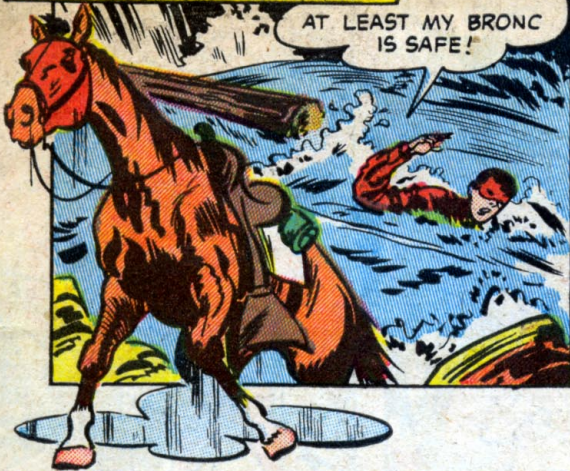


SOMEWHAT LATER, AT A HIGH LOG DAM ABOVE NEEDLE VALLEY...

REDMASK HAS TO CROSS NEEDLE VALLEY TO GET TO SITTING WOLF! BUT HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT IF WE DYNAMITE THIS DAM WHEN HE'S PART WAY ACROSS! THE FLOOD WILL CARRY HIM OVER INDIAN LEAP—A THOUSAND FOOT DROP TO SOLID ROCK!



AS THE ENGULFING WATERS SWIRL AROUND THEM, REDMASK LOOSES HIS HORSE—

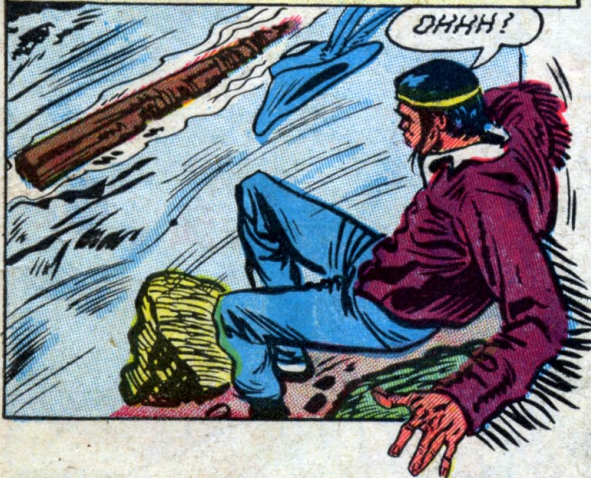


AT LEAST MY BRONC IS SAFE!

CAN'T SWIM! FORCE OF WATERS—TOO MUCH TO FIGHT!

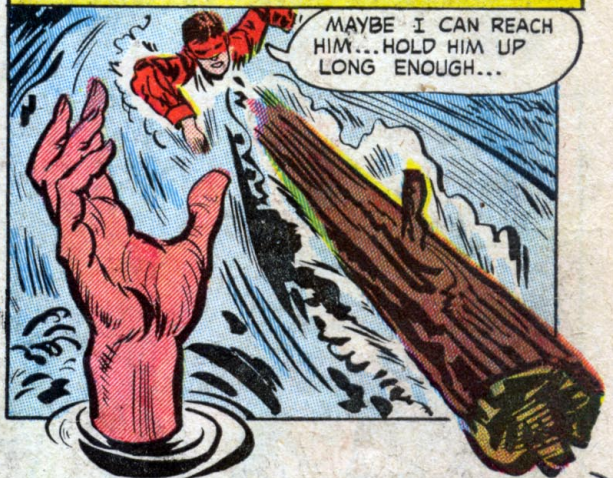


AHEAD OF REDMASK, LUCIUS TWO FEATHERS HAS COME TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM. SUDDENLY—

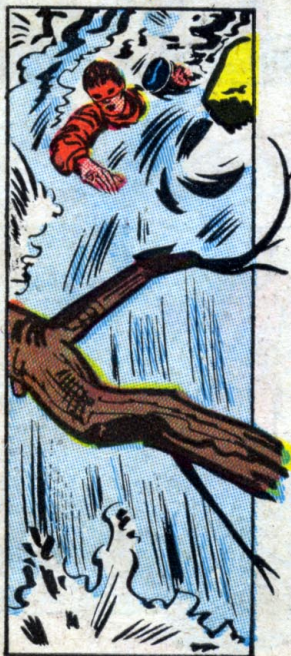


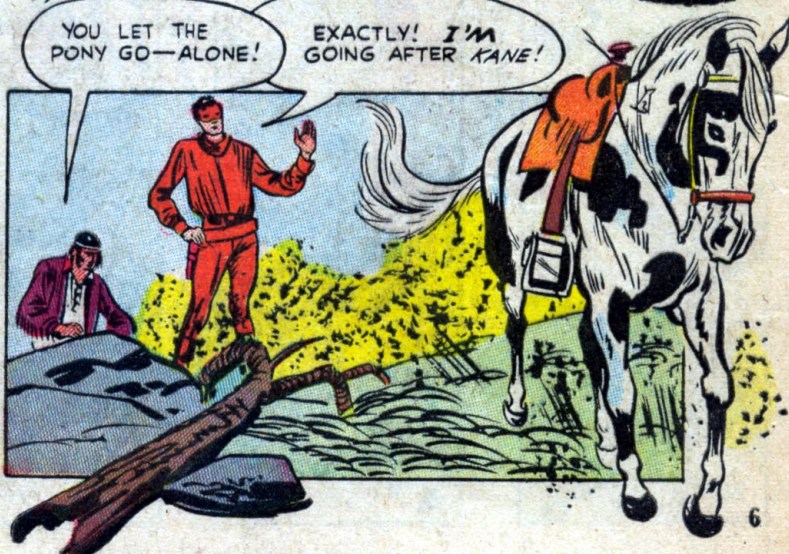
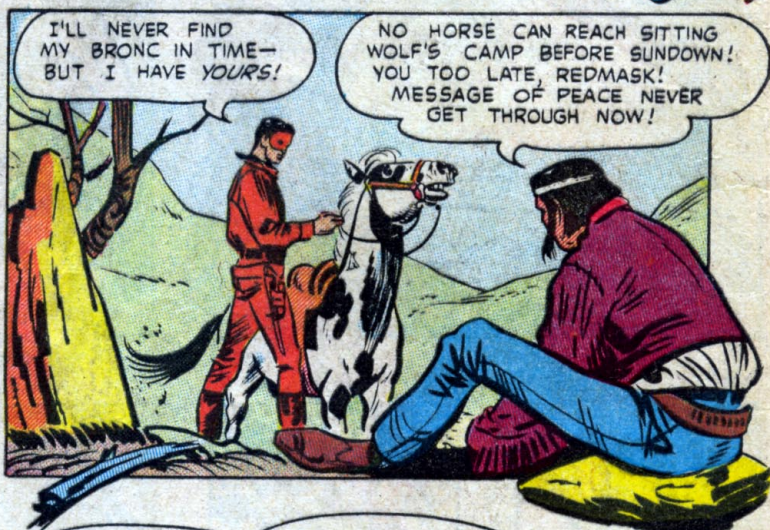
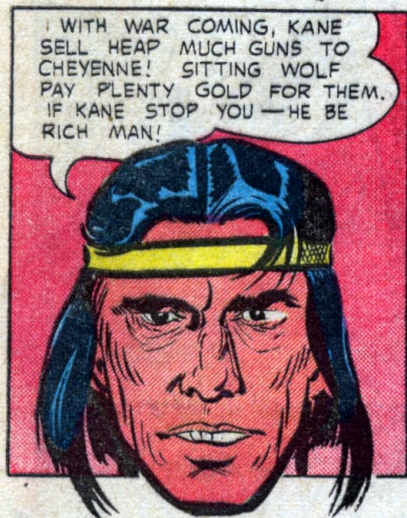
DHKK!

TOSSED LIKE A LEAF IN THE FURIOUS FLOOD, REDMASK SEES THE DROWNING TWO FEATHERS...



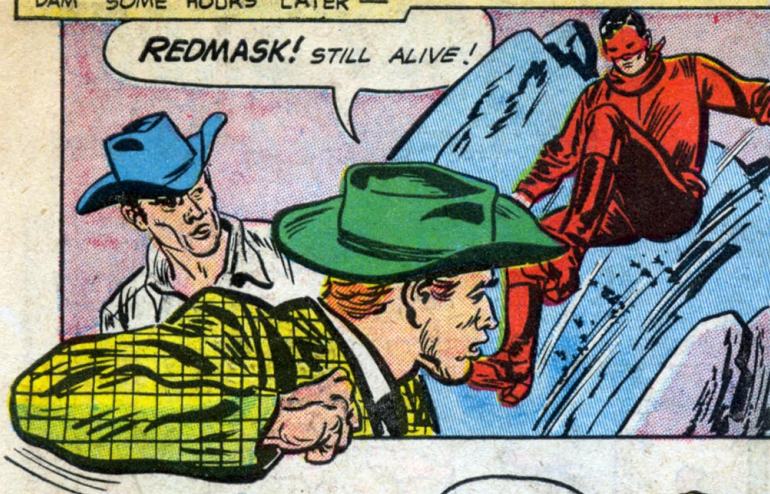
MAYBE I CAN REACH HIM... HOLD HIM UP LONG ENOUGH...





IN THE ROCKY DEFILE ABOVE THE HIGH GROUND NEAR THE DAM SOME HOURS LATER —

REDMASK! STILL ALIVE!



STILL ALIVE! STILL NOT STOPPED, KANE!

UGGGH!



LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT ME, REDMASK. BUT SITTING WOLF IS GOING ON THE WAR PATH! YOU DIDN'T GET THAT MESSAGE THROUGH!



A GUTTURAL VOICE BREAKS THE SUDDEN SILENCE...

MESSAGE GET THROUGH. SITTING WOLF NOT GO ON WAR PATH! KNOW YOUR GOVERNMENT SEND CATTLE!

BUT—HOW...!



I SENT THAT PONY OFF BY ITSELF — KNOWING IT WOULD REACH SITTING WOLF'S CAMP! BECAUSE PONYS ALWAYS RETURN TO THEIR HOME CORRAL! AND THAT PONY WAS STOLEN FROM SITTING WOLF!



REDMASK SPEAK TRUTH. LUCIUS TWO FEATHERS STEAL MY PONY LAST TIME HE IN CAMP WITH YOU, KANE!

I FIGURED THAT OUT BECAUSE OF THIS SITTING WOLF BRANDED WITH MILKWEED JUICE — THAT'S HOW INDIANS BRAND THEIR PONIES WITHOUT PAIN — ON HIS HIDE! HE RETURNED TO SITTING WOLF AND SITTING WOLF GOT THE MESSAGE I TIED TO HIS MANE!



THE END

RED MASK

TERROR STALKS THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF CABESOS! MEN ARE FLOGGED AND TORTURED, LOCKED IN THE STOCKS AT THE MERCY OF THE ELEMENTS! ONLY BY GOLD OR ANIMALS CAN THEY BUY THEIR FREEDOM, AND THEN ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE — BEFORE DON CRISTOFORO MENDEZ, ALCALDE OF CABESOS, DECIDES IT IS TIME TO PAY HIM MORE MONEY!

ONLY **REDMASK** OF THE RIO GRANDE DARES STAND ALONE IN THE FACE OF DON CRISTOFORO AND HIS RURALES POLICE! ONLY **REDMASK** HAS THE COURAGE TO CHALLENGE —

**"TERROR
OVER
THE BORDER!"**



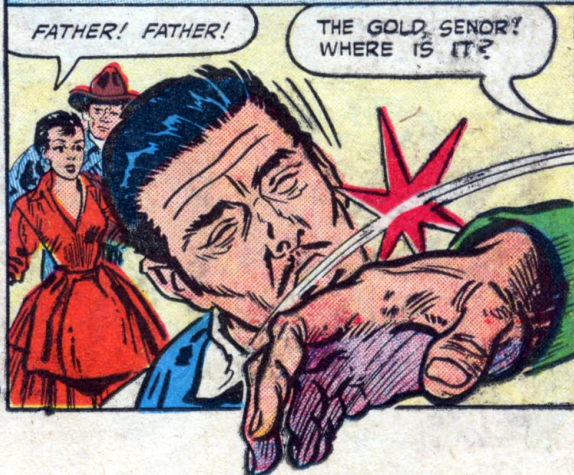
TH137



THE RURALES COME TO RICH AND POOR ALIKE — AND AT ANY HOUR OF THE DAY OR NIGHT!



THEY DRAG AWAY MEN CRYING OUT IN HORROR AND WOMEN WEeping FROM SHEER TERROR!



FATHER! FATHER!

THE GOLD, SENOR?
WHERE IS IT?



SOMETIMES THEY DO NOT BOTHER TO CALL, BUT MERELY HELP THEMSELVES TO WHAT THEY WANT...

THIEVES!
THIEVES!

HA! HA! DON CRISTOFORO WILL BE GLAD TO LEARN THAT NOW HE IS THE OWNER OF THE FALOMA HERDS OF CATTLE!
HA! HA!

OCCASIONALLY THE STONE DUNGEONS OF THE MENDEZ HACIENDA RESOUNDS TO THE GROANS OF CHAINED MEN...

IF HE DOES NOT TELL US WHERE THE MONEY IS HIDDEN—INCREASE THE WEIGHTS ON HIS LEGS!

SI, DON CRISTOFORO!
SI, SI!

OR THE SCREAMS OF AGONIZED WOMEN...



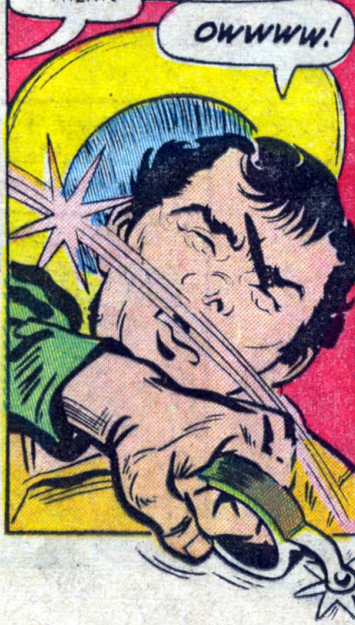
EVEN A VISITOR LIKE MEX LALLAPOOSA OF THE T-BAR-H RANCH IS FAIR GAME TO THE RURALES...

SILVER SPURS!

SEÑOR—PLEASE! IT BEES TAKING ME WHOLE YEAR'S PAY TO BUYING THEM!

SILENCE, DOG! IF DON CRISTOFORO WANTS THESE SPURS—HE TAKES THEM!

OWWWW!



MEX LALLAPOOSA LOSES NO TIME IN FLEEING FROM CABESOS. SOME HOURS AFTER HE CROSSES THE RIO GRANDE, HE SLIPS A LETTER INTO A LIGHTNING-BLASTED TREE. THAT NIGHT, REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE READS THAT LETTER...

ALL MEN KNOW THEY CAN RECEIVE JUSTICE BY APPEALING TO ME! A NOTE OR A LETTER IN THIS TREE BRINGS MY HELP—AS THIS ONE DOES FOR THE POOR PEOPLE OF CABESOS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE HACIENDA SORELLA, SOME MILES OUTSIDE CABESOS —

SEARCH THE PLACE! PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE WOMAN OR HER SCREAMS!

MERCY, MERCY! WE HAVE NO MONEY!



WHAT'S THIS? A JEWELLED BOOK COVER — YEEIIIOOWW!



REDMASK!

YOU MIGHT NOT PAY ATTENTION TO A WOMAN —



BUT TRY IGNORING THIS!

GNNNG!



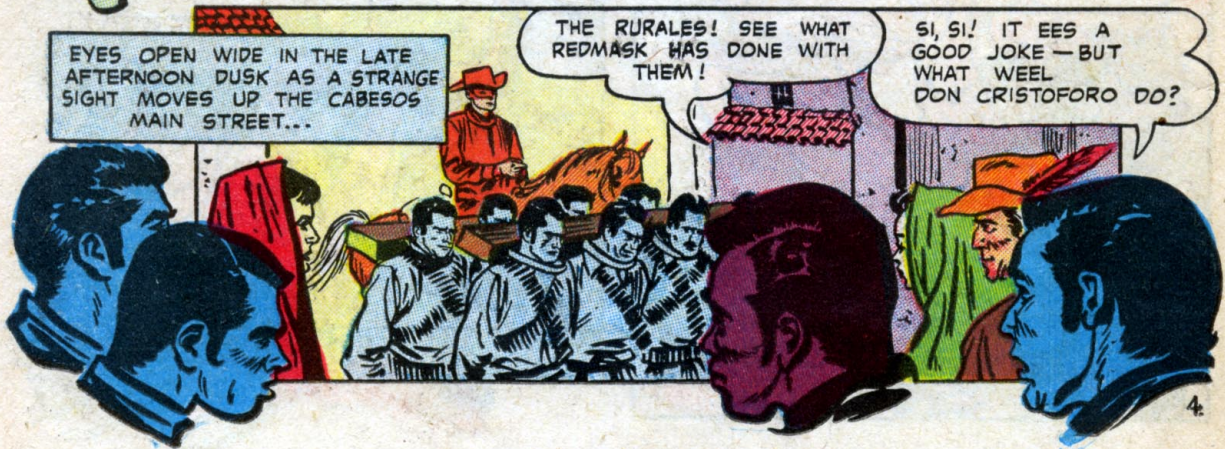
DON'T GO AWAY, BOYS!



AWWWK!

I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU — AND HERE IT IS!





DON CRISTOFORO IS ALMOST SPEECHLESS WITH SHOCK—ALMOST, THAT IS...

POR DIOS! I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES! WHO DID THIS THING?

REDMASK, SENOR!

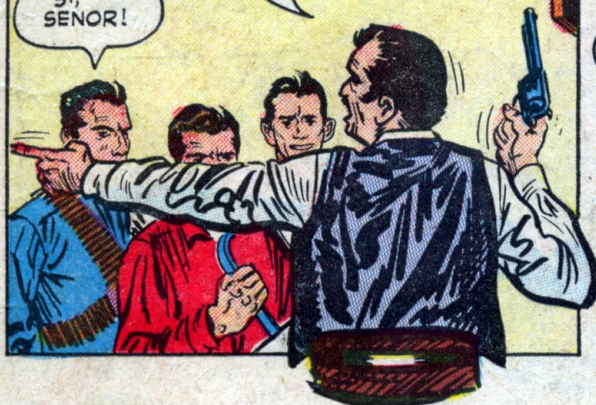


SO! THIS REDMASK HAS DARED TO FIGHT **ME!** I WILL SHOW HIM I RULE CABESOS! LET HIM BEAT YOU ALL HE WANTS, AND PUT YOKES ON YOU IF HE WILL! **I** AM NOT AFRAID!



YOU WILL RIDE OUT AGAIN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? SHOW HIM I AM NOT AFRAID! BE BRAVE! NO MATTER WHAT HE DOES, REMEMBER—HE DOES NOT SCARE **ME!**

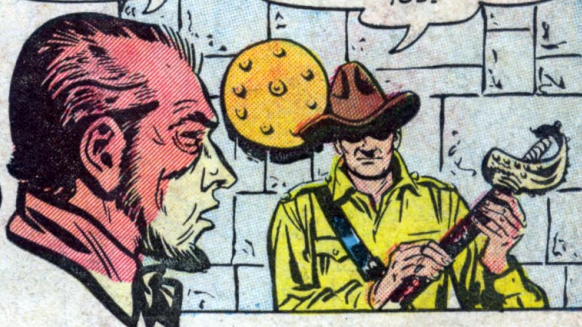
SI, SENOR!



SEÑOR DIEGO MARTINEZ OWNS THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF MEXICAN ANTIQUES AND HISTORICAL RARITIES NORTH OF MEXICO CITY. IT IS THESE COSTLY ITEMS THAT ATTRACT THE RURALES NOW—

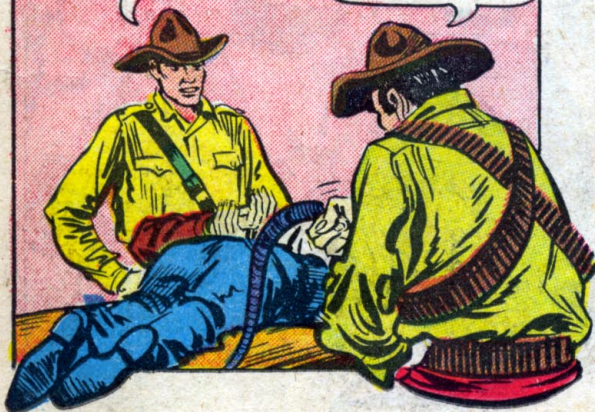
THAT SWORD BELONGED TO PIZARRO. LEAVE IT...

HA! DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS ON ITS HILT AND SCABBARD! DON CRISTOFORO WILL TREASURE IT, I ASSURE YOU!



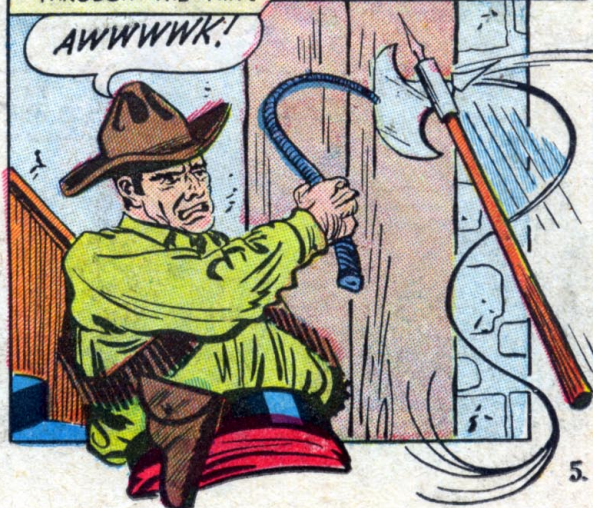
IF YOU HAVE SUCH VALUABLES, YOU MUST HAVE OTHERS MORE VALUABLE—HIDDEN AWAY! MAKE HIM TALK. PEDRO!

SI, CAPITAN!



AS THE WHIP IS LIFTED, A BATTLEAX SAILS THROUGH THE AIR!

AWWWWK!



FROM THE HACIENDA BALCONY, REDMASK HURLS A HOOK AND ROPE —

I'M NO PROPHET, BUT IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE **LARD** IS GOING UP!



Yiiii!



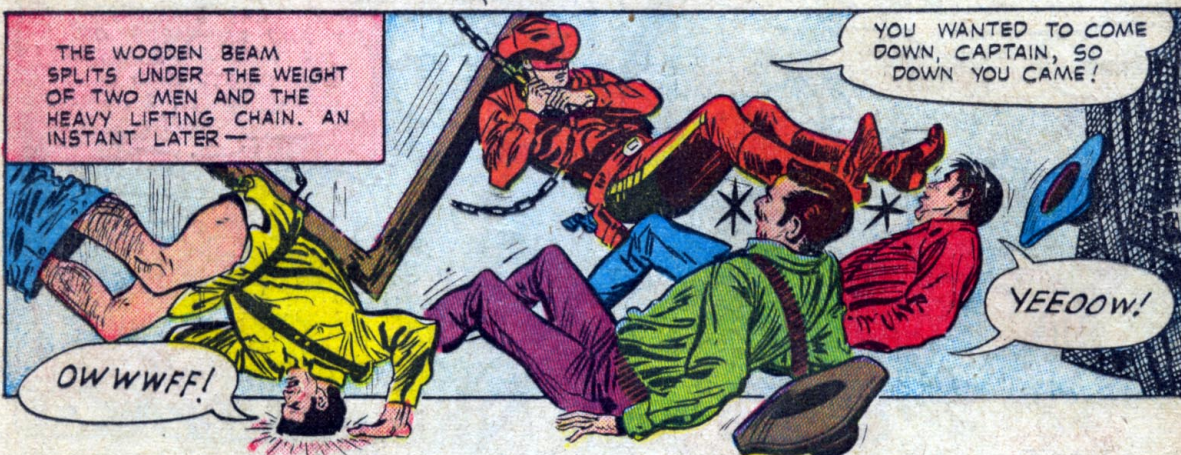
SEE HOW MUCH I THINK OF YOU, CAPTAIN? I'M GIVING YOU A HOOKSIDE SEAT!

SOMEBODY **HELP** ME! GET ME DOWN!



THE WOODEN BEAM SPLITS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF TWO MEN AND THE HEAVY LIFTING CHAIN. AN INSTANT LATER —

YOU WANTED TO COME DOWN, CAPTAIN, SO DOWN YOU CAME!



YEEOW!

THIS OLD AZTEC FISHING NET NEVER MADE A BETTER HAUL!



NEXT MORNING, AS DON CRISTOFORO WAKES TO A NEW DAY —

I AM SEEING THINGS! THIS I DO NOT BELIEVE!

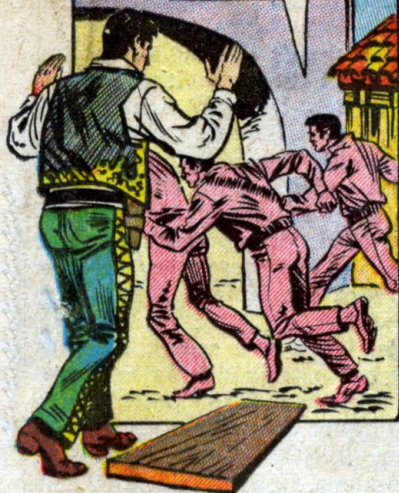
YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE THIS — BUT IT'S TRUE!



AS HIS MEN ARE SET FREE —

WAIT!
WAIT!

YOU SAID YOU AREN'T
AFRAID OF REDMASK.
**YOU STAY HERE —
WE'RE LEAVING!**



I'M NOT AFRAID OF
REDMASK? DID I SAY
THAT? **GULP!** THEY HAVE
LEFT ME ALL ALONE!
REDMASK WILL CATCH
ME! YOU KNOW
SOMETHING? I **AM**
AFRAID OF HIM!

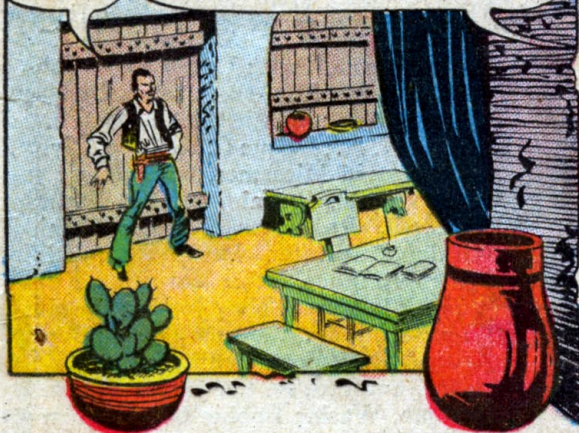


GUARDS! GUARDS!
LOCK ALL THE DOORS!
BOLT ALL THE WINDOWS!
**GUARDS? WHERE IS
EVERYBODY?**



WHO'S
THAT?

**YOUR TURN HAS COME,
DON CRISTOFORO!**



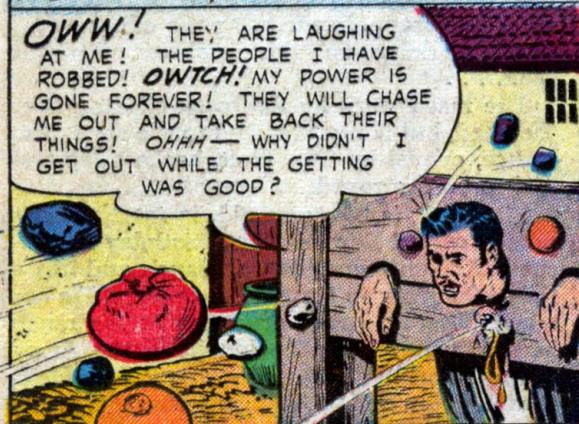
IT'S
REDMASK!

Yiiii!!



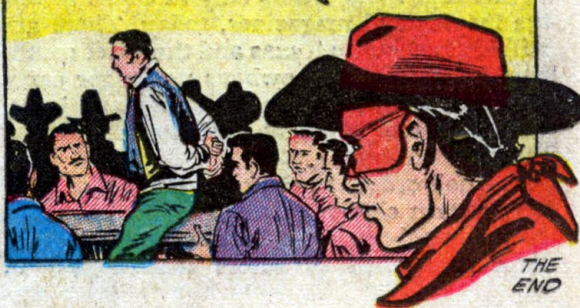
A LITTLE LATER, IN THE TOWN SQUARE —

OWW! THEY ARE LAUGHING
AT ME! THE PEOPLE I HAVE
ROBBED! **OWTCH!** MY POWER IS
GONE FOREVER! THEY WILL CHASE
ME OUT AND TAKE BACK THEIR
THINGS! **OHhh** — WHY DIDN'T I
GET OUT WHILE THE GETTING
WAS GOOD?



INSTEAD OF —
OWWW!
LIKE **THIS!**
OWTCH!

IF ALL THE TYRANTS IN
THE WORLD COULD SEE
WHAT HAPPENED TO
DON CRISTOFORO, THE
WORLD WOULD BE A
BETTER PLACE TO
LIVE IN!



THE
END

REDMASK'S CAVE

Dear Readers:

The mail gets heavier all the time—which makes us very happy. But! Because of the flood of letters it is *no longer possible to write PERSONAL replies!* Therefore, please do not ask for personal letters, but watch REDMASK'S CAVE for your name and for your answers. . . .

REDMASK

TO: Dorothy, High Gate, Missouri.

You do not give your last name, Dorothy, so I cannot do more than the above. However, you do give me a chance to ask our readers and writers to give their full name and address on their postal cards or letters, if they would like to see them in print. If we did not answer your other letter, Dorothy, it was an oversight, or, you may have missed the issue in which it appeared. Sometimes the Cave is so full of letters, that it is several months before publication date on them. However, keep looking. We answer all letters in The Cave.

TO: Betty Bush, no address; and Grady Carl Mills, San Augustine, Texas.

The Black Phantom will not only continue to appear in REDMASK COMICS, but she is also getting a book of her own, entitled BLACK PHANTOM COMICS, soon to appear on the stands. Watch for it. Incidentally, Black Phantom just came into The Cave and tells me to thank all the girls and boys who wrote in, asking for her to appear! She plans to run something like the Cave of Redmask in her own book, dealing with famous women of the west. Would you readers like to see that?

TO: Roger Pfleeger, Ida Grove, Iowa; Barbara Wiseman, Elkland, Mo.; Marvin McElvany, Charleston, S. C.; Joretta Fugett, Parkersburg, West Va.; Ellen Evans, Damascus, Va.; Peggy Joyce, Reidsville, N. C.; Sherry Uhle, Foss, Oklahoma; Duane Marti, Fair Oaks, Pa.; Louis Daly Lawrence, Union, La.; Sandra Hughes, Montgomery, La.; Elvire Mae Meggins, Augusta, Georgia.

The "old west" exists only in comic books, the movies and magazines, today. There are still big ranches in Texas and the other southwestern states, but cowboys no longer carry six-guns. They ride ranch wagons and jeeps, though some of them ride horses in the rougher country.

A "mail order" cowboy is a dude who buys his western clothes in a store and has probably never been on a horse. Sometimes the term is applied to actors who appear in

movies, but are not real western ranchmen like Tim Holt or Roy Rogers.

There are a few herds of longhorn steers still living today, but they are either on federal park lands or kept by some rich rancher for sentimental reasons. The day of the longhorns and their cattle drives was from 1866 to 1880—until the coming of the railroads did away with the need for them. However, in these years, the cattle drives and stampedes and fights with Indians were very real, as Texas tried to feed the United States with beef—and succeeded!

In the movies, when you see those spills from a galloping horse, trained athletes known as "stunt men" take them. They know how to fall so as not to injure themselves.

TO: Bruce Werrell, Battle Creek, Michigan; William Hodges, Hollydale; Christine Jordan, Geneva, Ala.; Barbara Jean Cockenham, Demham Springs, La.; Paul Douglas Jones, Frankfort, Ky.; Sandy Hodder, East McKeesport, Pa.; Jimmy Sandlin, Tupelo, Miss.; Katie Mae Buford, Osceola, Ark.; Carlis Leon Johnston, Paragould, Ark.; Isabel Olvarez, Wilson, Ark.; Bessie Tsikowas, Portsmouth, N. H.; Duane G. Kellogg, Elyria, Ohio; David Messmer, no address; Joseph Wayne, Buffalo, N. Y.; Barbara Marshall, Rochester, N. Y.; Camilla Kirkland, Winter Park, Fla.; Billie Moore, Alliance, Neb.; Mary Jane Famighietti, Fairview, New Jersey; Caroline Caporicci, Fairview, New Jersey; Bernie Arnold, Kingsport, Tenn.; John Wayne Peace, Sanford, N. C.; James Fournier, Yakima, Wash.; Bobbie Oliver, Austin, Texas.

No pictures of Redmask are available at this time. We regret that so many of you must be disappointed, but your editors continue working on this problem. Perhaps soon. . . .

The mask worn by Redmask slips on over the head, but is not attached to the shirt. Sun Dance, owned by Tim Holt, broke a leg and had to be destroyed.

Tim Holt is 36 years old, is married. His wife is named Berdec. Tim's birthday is February 5. Tim owns his own ranch and has a rodeo that travels around the country. He has many different types of horses at his ranch in Oklahoma. Tim also fought in the Army during World War II. His father is Jack Holt, whom your Dad no doubt saw in western movies in his boyhood days.

No Redmask masks are available for sale, though there are GHOST RIDER masks to be bought, by writing to Room 301, 10 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

No arrangements have been made as yet for Redmask to appear in movies or on TV.

Tom Mix is no longer alive. Ask your Dad about him, too!

TO: Jerry Pless, Konnardis, N. C.; Norma Chen, Ridgefarm, Ill.; John L. Tatum, Houston, Texas; David Harry Green, Bangor, Me.; Zelmer Mathis, Lithonia, Ga.; Jerry Pittme, Okeechobee Center, Fla.; Arleen Van Demark, Newburgh, N. Y.; David Jenkins, Indianapolis, Indiana; Milton Florence, no address; Terry Knight, Erin, Tennessee; Robert Lee Holmon, Oxford, Miss.; Buddy Grant, Bremerton, Mass.; Barbara Cole, Porter, Okla.; Richard Dziejert, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Glenda Adcox, Carriere, Miss.; Judy Sharp, Huntsville, Ala.; Peter Johnson, no address; Arber D. Alexander, Gould, Arkansas.

The following are real people: Roy Rogers, Lash Larue, Dale Evans, Gene Autry, Tim Holt, Charles Starrett (Durango Kid), Johnny Mack Brown, William Boyd (Hopalong Cassidy).

The following are not real, only fictitious: Straight Arrow, Ghost Rider, Lone Ranger.

Before he went into the movies, Charles Starrett was a varsity football player at Dartmouth College, and then an actor on the stage.

TO: Tom Stevlingson, Menomonie, Wisconsin; Paul Cassidy, no address; Milton Florence, Boston, Mass.; Lester Arnold, Kingsport, Tennessee.

A very good picture of a Colt Peacemaker revolver—the kind used by Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid and other western sheriffs and badmen—can be found in the pocketbook edition (35¢) of DODGE CITY; QUEEN OF COWTOWNS, by Stanley Vesal, the second of a group of photographs opposite page 120.

The Pony Express began April 3, 1860 and ended in 1862 when the telegraph took its place. One of the most famous of the pony express riders was "Buffalo Bill" Cody. These riders carried their mail in a leather pouch strapped to the rider's side, not in saddlebags.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

Cannon was never effective against Indians because the Indians never stayed still long enough for it to be aimed at them with any hope of doing more than making a lot of noise. European cavalry rushed at cannon in a steady gallop, but Indians like the Sioux and Cheyenne, swooped in shooting and were gone before the cannon could be wheeled around to face the direction from which they came. Moreover, Indians lived in tepees or

wickiups—instead of stone forts. You don't use cannon to shoot a tepee down!

For you readers who are interested, as appears from your letters, in the U. S. Cavalry, let me recommend a new book your library will be almost sure to carry: THE STORY OF THE U. S. CAVALRY.

For readers who want to know all about horses, see: THE MUSTANGS, by J. Frank Dobie, now available in pocketbook format (35¢).

TO: John Sturdy, Ganges, B. C.

Not only badmen carried two guns. Federal and town marshals (like Wild Bill Hickok) also carried a pair. However, most men who used them were equally as good with the left hand as with the right. One gun was enough to carry, if you could shoot it straight and fast enough! . . . The job of sheriff is not inherited. A sheriff is an elected official of the county government. . . . Indians often give up in a fight when their chief is killed. It is believed a bad omen from their gods. . . . There are a number of girl outlaws. One of the more famous women outlaws was Belle Starr.

TO: Eddie Brewster, Ingersol, California; Robert Florini, Shelbyville, Illinois.

There are many famous Indian tribes, all of which came along at their particular time in history to write their names down forever in the art of frontier warfare. The Mohawks, part of the Iroquois Confederacy, were a famous woodland tribe. The Seminoles, Creeks and Cherokees were great tribes of southern Indians. Of the Plains tribes, the Sioux, Cheyenne and Blackfeet were great fighters. In the Southwest, the Comanches were supreme. In later days the Apaches grew notorious. However, the Apaches were never so numerous as the other tribes. Their fighting was mostly raiding, or catching an enemy in ambush.

Indian trouble with the white men grew out of the fact that the white men killed off the buffalo—on which the Indians depended for everything from food to clothing—and broke peace treaties. The Indians felt they could never trust a white man.

We have no pictures of Apaches. However, your librarian will be glad to show you books that have such pictures. I suggest you ask to see some Boy Scout books that have Indian costumes in them for Scouts to use in their ceremonies. One such book is BOOK OF INDIAN CRAFTS AND INDIAN LORE, by Salomon, another being DANCES AND STORIES OF THE INDIAN.

—REDMASK

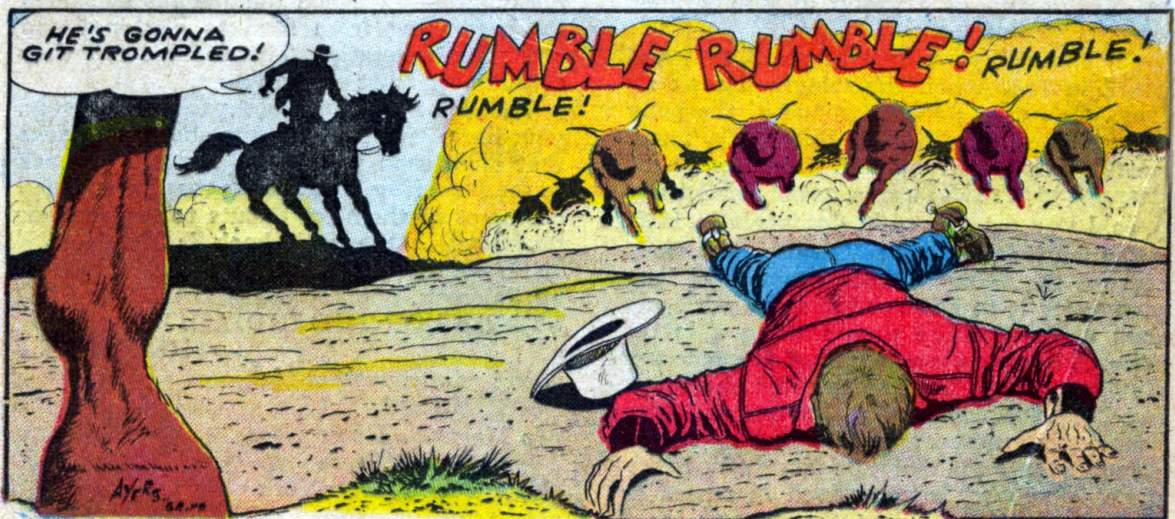
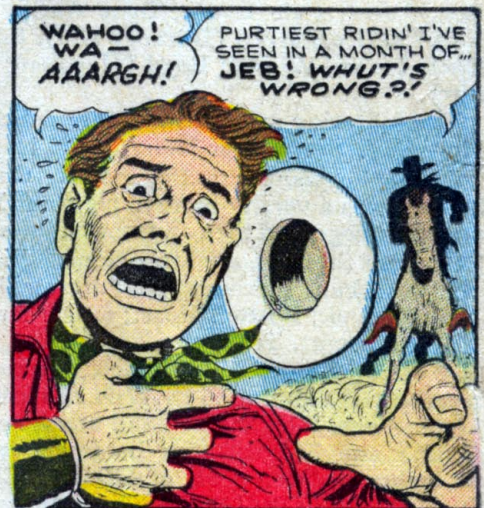
Send your questions to:
REDMASK'S CAVE
c/o Magazine Enterprises
11 Park Place
New York 7, New York



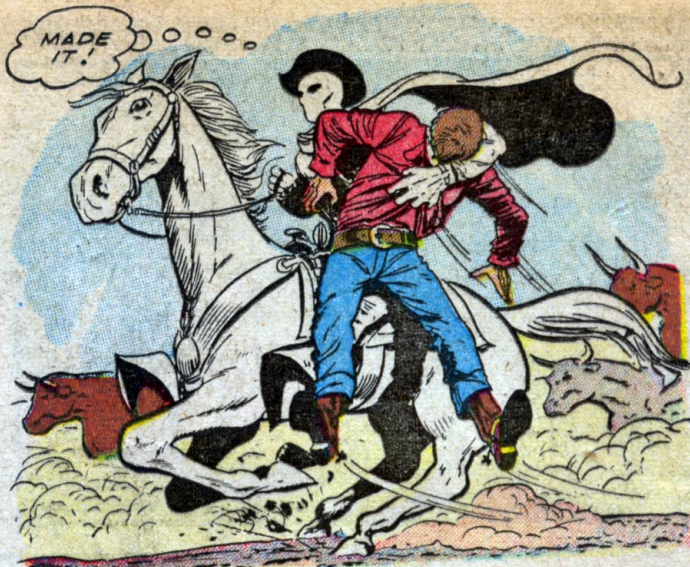
ONE AFTER THE OTHER, YOUNG SINEWY COWHANDS IN THE PRIME OF LIFE WERE STRUCK DOWN MYSTERIOUSLY! NO ONE COULD EXPLAIN THE HOW OR THE WHY OF THEIR DEATHS! HEARTS THAT HAD ONCE BEEN ROBUST AND MERRY, WERE CHILLED NOW WITH HORROR! AND WHEN **THE GHOST RIDER** GALLOPED OUT OF THE NIGHT, HE TOO BECAME THE QUARRY OF...

"THE
INVISIBLE
DEATH!"

ROUNDUP TIME AT THE BAR-X RANCH!

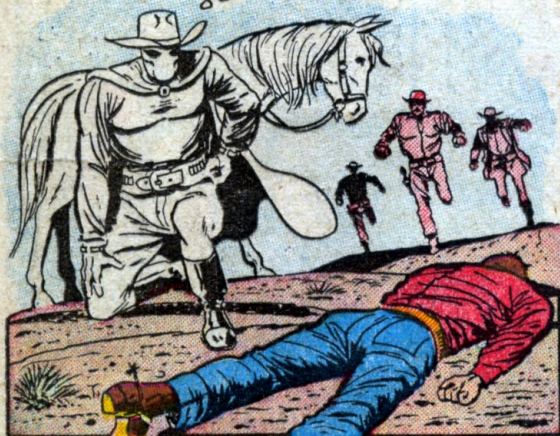


OUT OF THE NIGHT'S INKY BLACK-
NESS ON SPECTRE, HIS GALLANT
STEED, HE COMES GALLOPING— HE
WHO IS EVER-VIGILANT AND FEAR-
LESS... **THE GHOST RIDER!**



BUT
THEN—

THIS MAN IS DEAD! BUT WHY?
THE STEERS NEVER TOUCHED HIM!



NUTHIN' WE
KIN DO! THIS
HERE BAR-X
OUTFIT OF MINE
IS SPOOKED!
HE'S THUH
THIRD COWHAND
TO GO THIS WAY
IN THUH PAST
MONTH!

ONE
MINUTE
RIDIN'
AN'
WHOOPIN'—
AN' THUH
NEXT
MINUTE
THEY
TOPPLE
OVER
DEAD!

I'D MAKE TRACKS
OUT OF THIS
TERRITORY IF I
WERE YOU,
GHOST RIDER—
YOU'RE TOO
VALUABLE TO
BE MOWED
DOWN BY **THE
INVISIBLE
DEATH!**

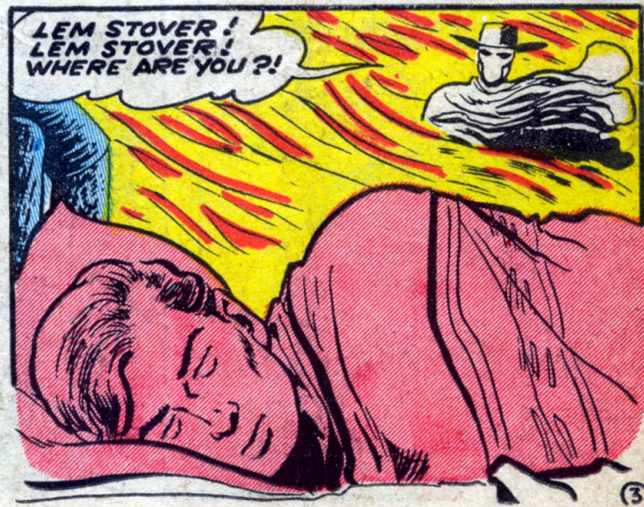
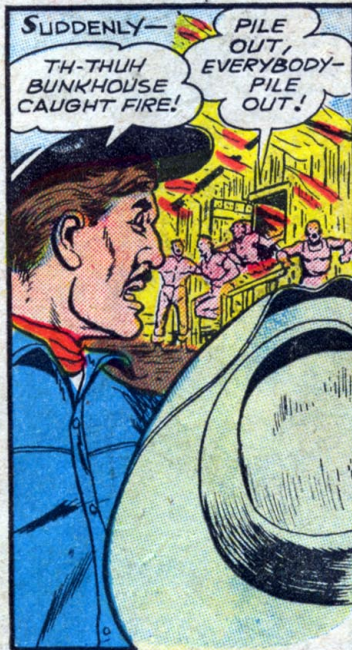
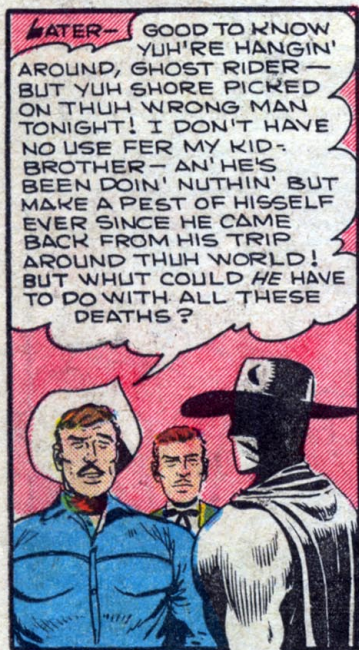
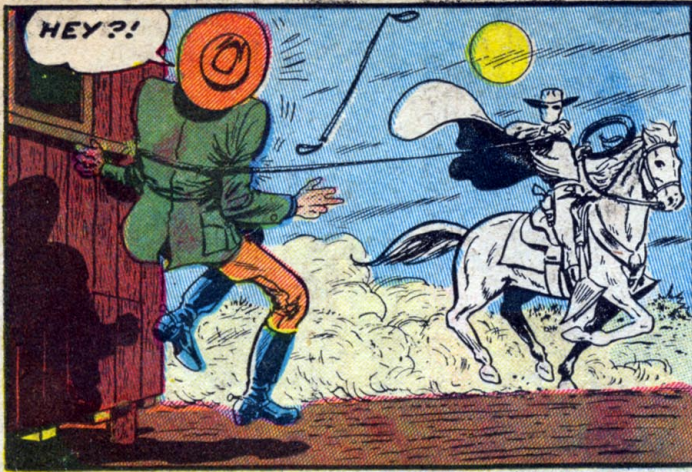
INVISIBLE DEATH...? COULD IT BE
SOME PLAGUE GERM WAFTED
HERE FROM THE ORIENT BY AN
EVIL WIND? OR COULD IT BE A
SERIES OF FOUL MURDERS?!

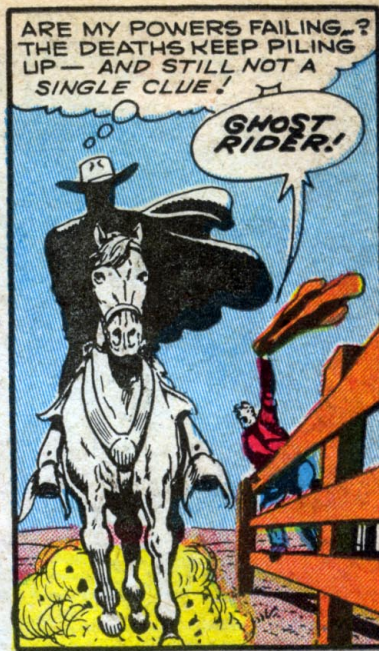


A WEEK LATER, OUTSIDE
THE BAR-X B'UNKHOUSE—

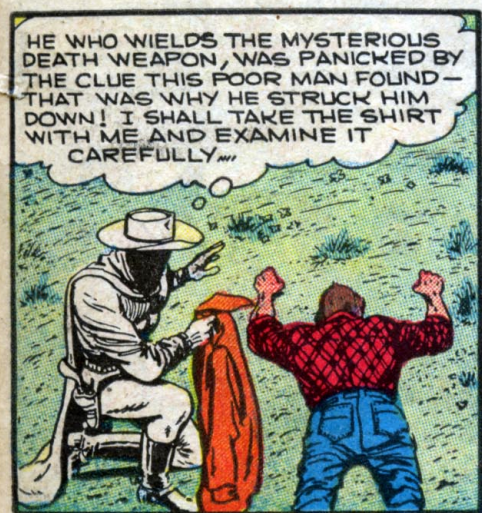


BUT THE GHOST RIDER HAS BEEN KEEPING A LONELY VIGIL,
WAITING FOR THE INVISIBLE DEATH TO STRIKE AGAIN!



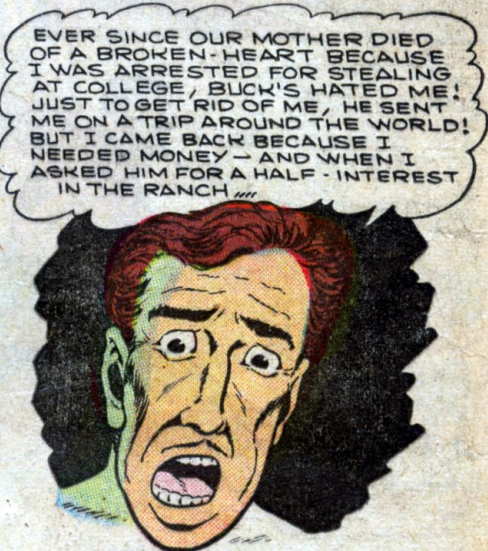
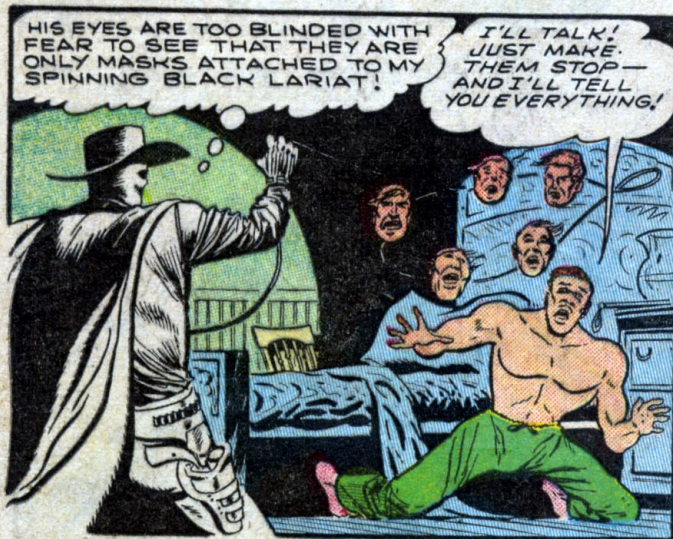


BUT BEFORE THE COWHAND CAN TELL WHAT HE HAS FOUND —



LATER, THAT NIGHT—







**YOU CAN BE
THE GHOST RIDER!**

**ONLY
\$1⁰⁰**

**AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS
WITH THIS WEIRD SCARF
THAT BECOMES A REAL
GHOST RIDER MASK
THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!**

A scarf
...with the name of
THE GHOST RIDER bannered
on it...and a **SPOOKY**
white mask that becomes a
GHOST RIDER SKULL when
the mask is tied on...!



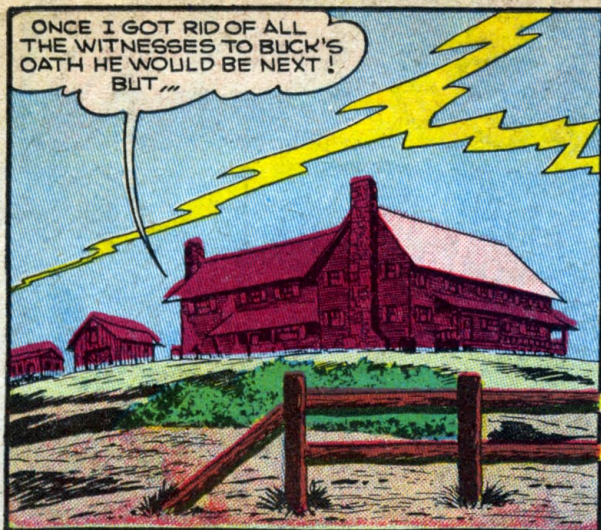
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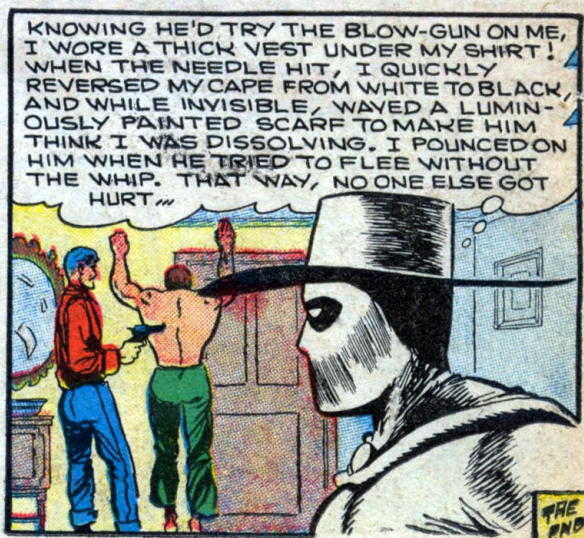
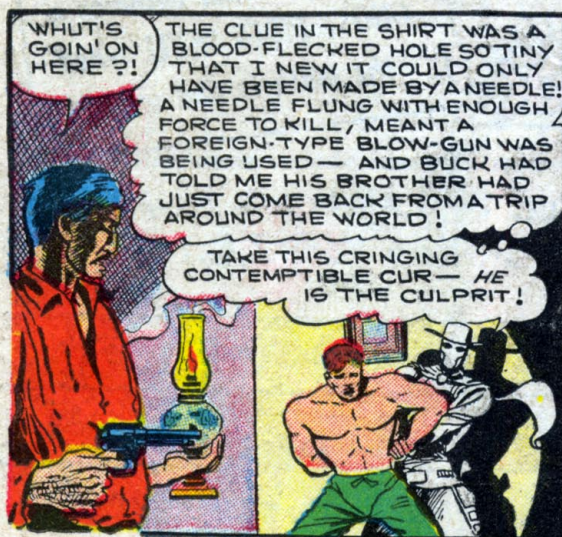
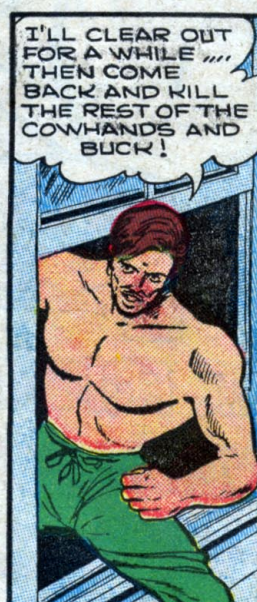
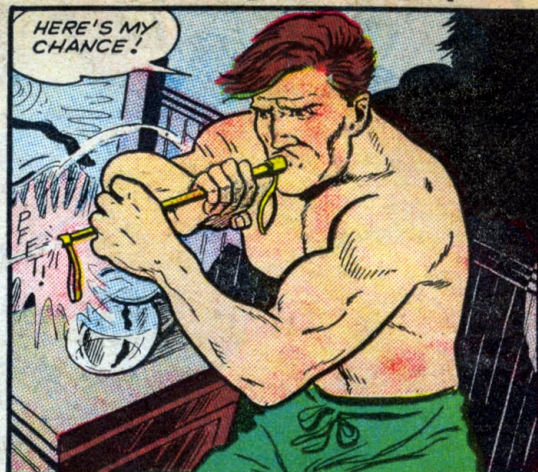
Address

City State

Send cash, check or money order



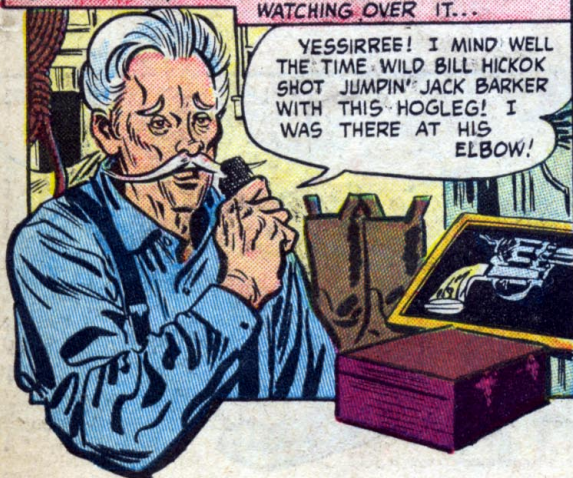
THE CRACK OF LIGHTNING MOMENTARILY DISTRACTS THE GHOST RIDER!



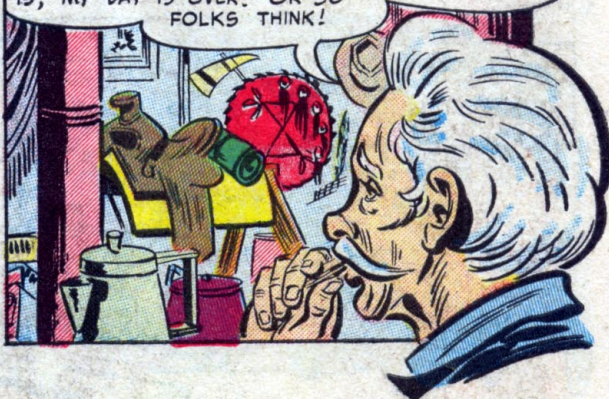
RED MASK

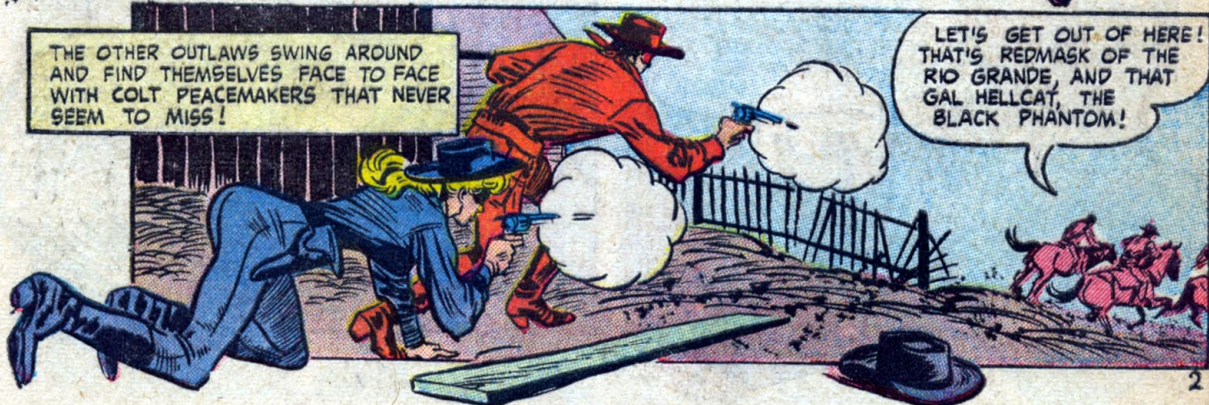
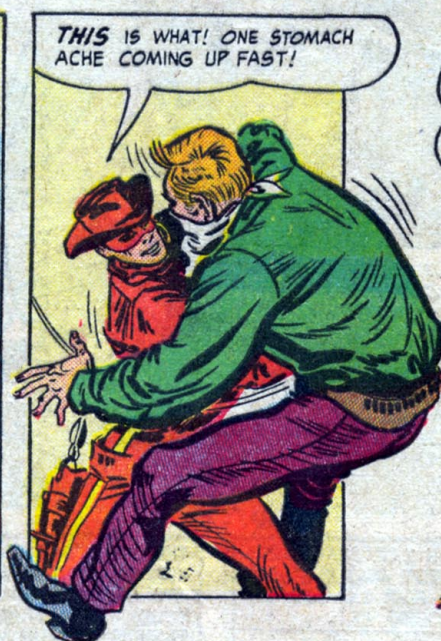
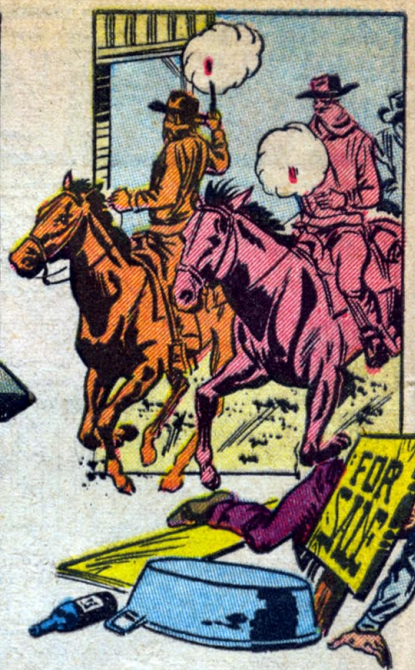
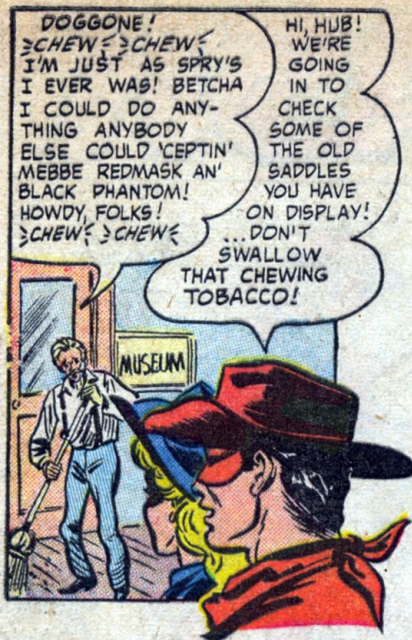


THE BULLET MUSEUM IS FILLED WITH TREASURES OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE OLD WEST. **HUB HICKEY**, ITS CARETAKER, IS JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB OF WATCHING OVER IT...

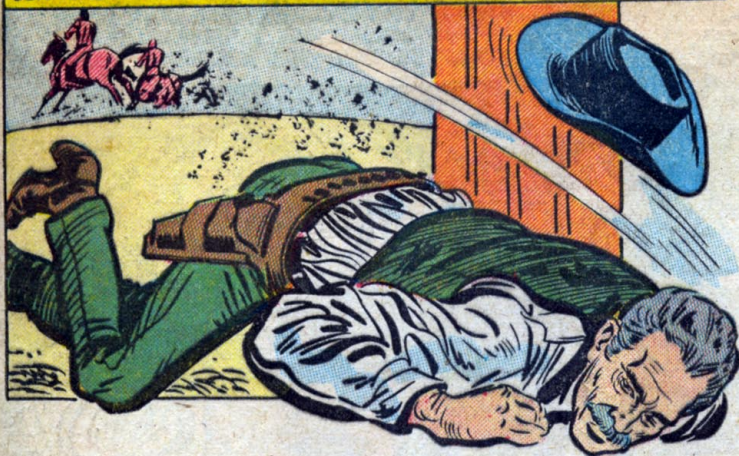


THIS HERE SADDLE WAS ON THE BRONC BILLY THE KID! RODE IN TO MAXWELL PLACE THE NIGHT PAT GARRETT SALIVATED HIM! Ξ SIGH Ξ I WAS YOUNG THEN, A SHERIFF IN TASCOSA. I KILLED PLENTY MEN IN MY DAY. Ξ SIGH Ξ ONLY TROUBLE IS, MY DAY IS OVER! OR SO FOLKS THINK!

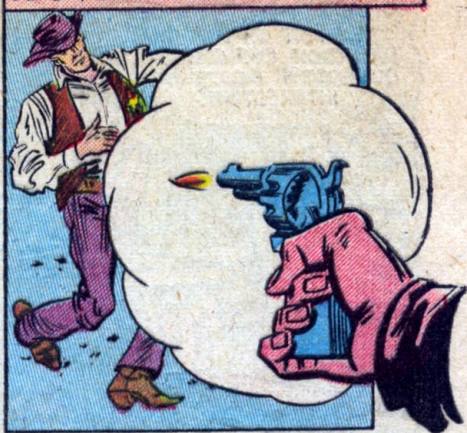




AS THE MASKED MEN FLEE, THEIR SIXGUNS SOUND AND SHERIFF BEN GAGE SLUMPS FORWARD ON HIS FACE...

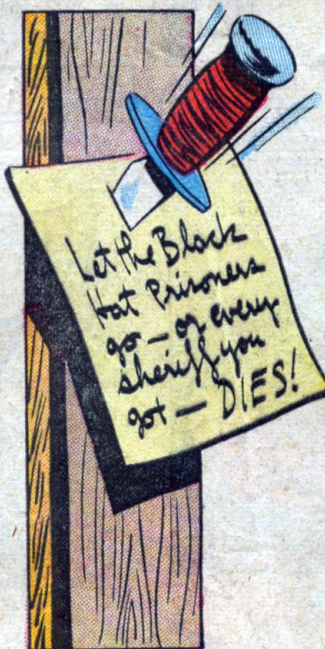
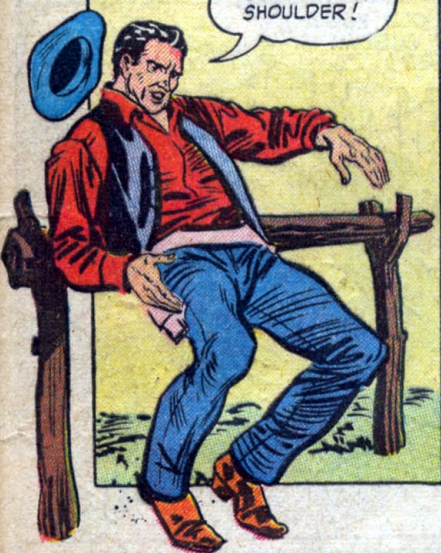


THAT NIGHT A REVOLVER POKES ITS BARREL FROM THE SHADOWS, AND DEPUTY SHERIFF ANDREWS TOPPLES...



NEXT DAY ANOTHER HIDDEN MARKSMAN DROPS TEMPORARY SHERIFF BRENT MORGAN...

GOT MY SHOULDER!



THAT NIGHT, A STUNNED TOWN GATHERS IN A SALOON...

TARNATION, FOLKS! IS **EVERYBODY** ASCART TO BE SHERIFF? AIN'T WE GOT NO VOLLTEERS AT ALL?



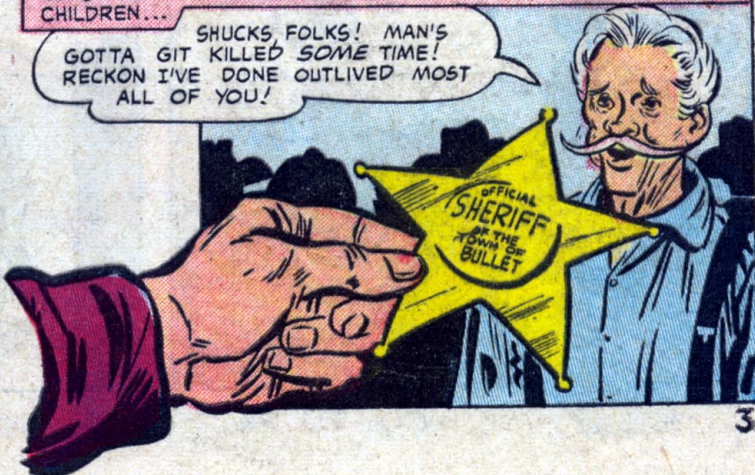
I'LL VOLUNTEER, YOUNG FELLER! OLD HUB HICKEY TALKIN'! USED TO BE SHERIFF IN TASCOSA AND HAYS CITY WHEN THEY WAS TRAIL TOWNS!

HUB, IT MEANS THEY'LL KILL YOU!

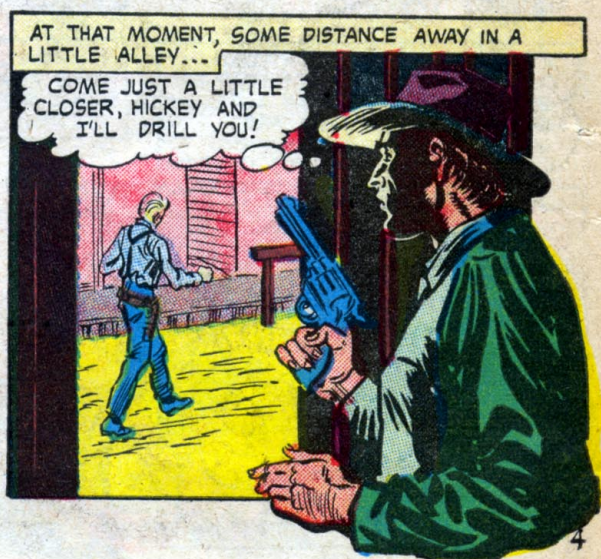
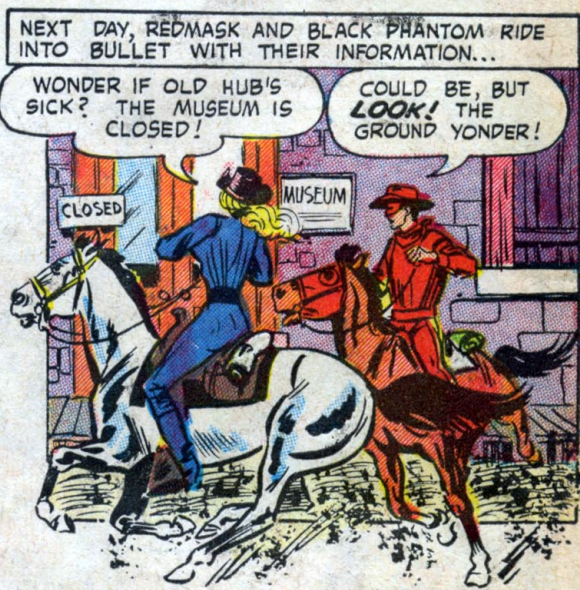


HIS HEART THUMPS FASTER AS THAT BADGE NEARS HIS VEST. ONCE AGAIN, HUB HICKEY CAN WALK LIKE A MAN. ONCE AGAIN, HIS GUNS ARE TO BE CALLED ON TO PROTECT MEN, WOMEN AND LITTLE CHILDREN...

SHUCKS, FOLKS! MAN'S GOTTA GIT KILLED *SOME* TIME! RECKON I'VE DONE OUTLIVED MOST ALL OF YOU!



IN THE MEANTIME, REDMASK AND THE BLACK PHANTOM HAVE BEEN BUSY IN THE SECRET CAVE OF REDMASK...

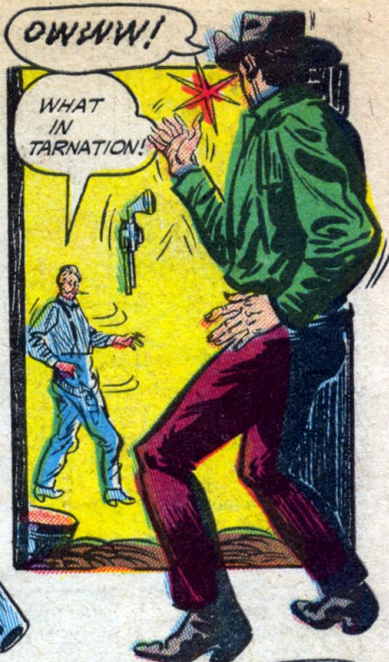
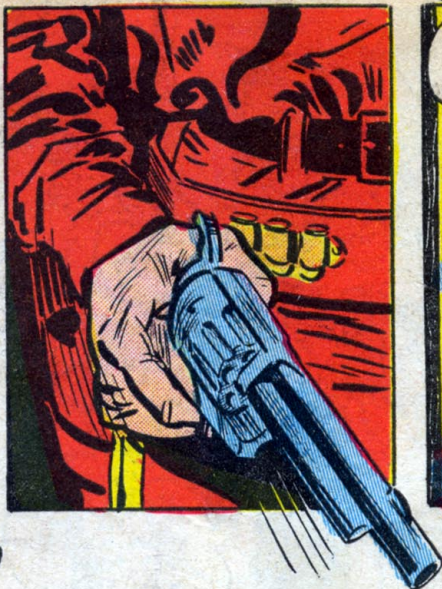


MOVING THROUGH THE BACK ALLEYS OF THE TOWN ON THE TRAIL OF THE MAN WHO MADE THAT BOOTMARK COMES REDMASK—

THE FASTEST GUNHAND IN THE SOUTHWEST MAKES ITS MOVE—



GUESS I'VE FOUND HIM JUST IN TIME!



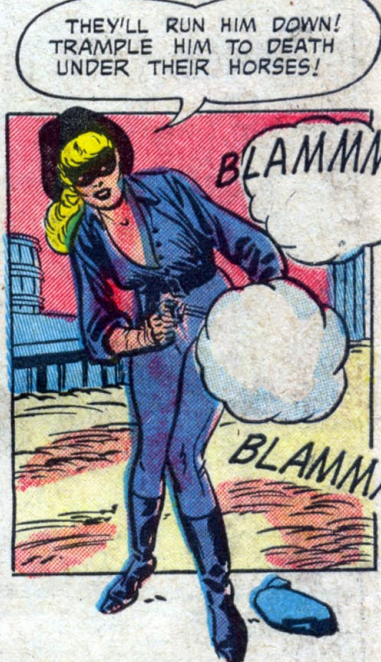
OWWWW!

WHAT IN TARNATION!



REDMASK! HIT DIRT! MORE OF THEM COMING OUR WAY!

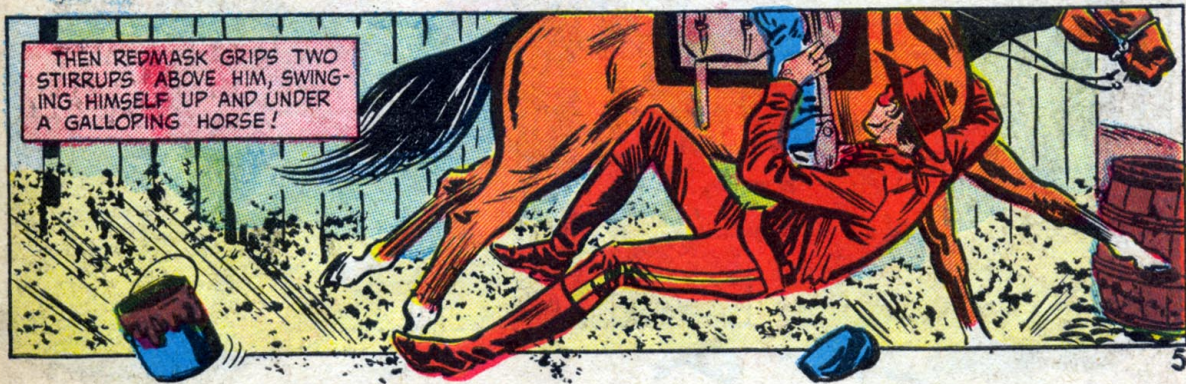
SIXGUNS ROAR! HOOFS THUD IN THE DRY DUST! ANGRY VOICES CRY OUT! THE BLACK HAT GANG IS OUT FOR VENGEANCE!



THEY'LL RUN HIM DOWN! TRAMPLE HIM TO DEATH UNDER THEIR HORSES!

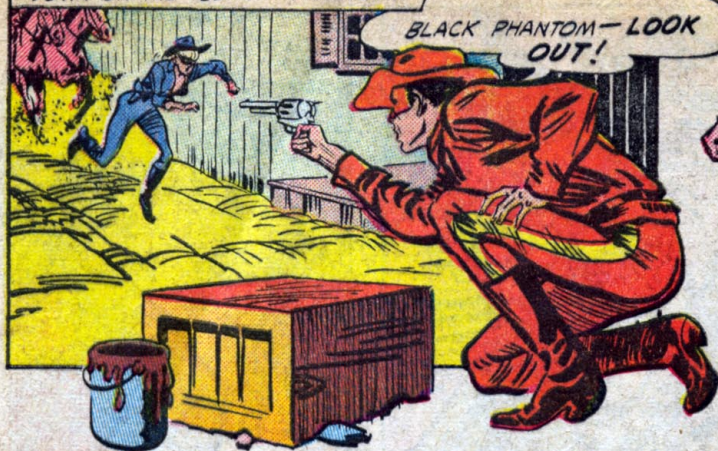
BLAMMM!

BLAMMM!



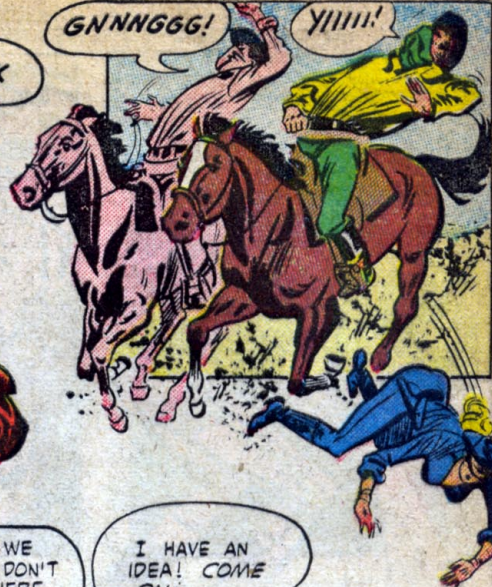
THEN REDMASK GRIPS TWO STIRRUPS ABOVE HIM, SWINGING HIMSELF UP AND UNDER A GALLOPING HORSE!

HE ROLLS FREE JUST AS TWO MASKED KILLERS BEAR DOWN ON THE BLACK PHANTOM...



GNNNGGG!

YIIII!



WHEN THE GUNSMOKE CLEARS—

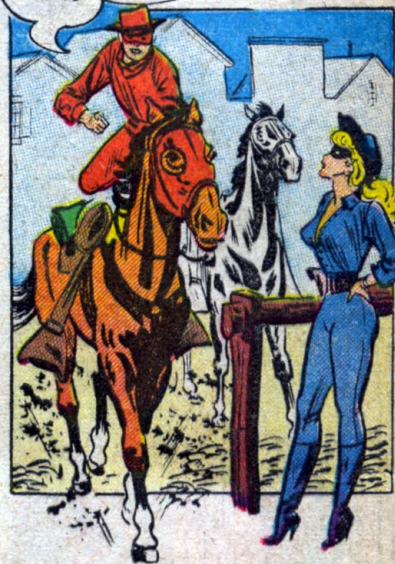
WE DROPPED SOME OF THEM BUT THE OTHERS GOT AWAY!

THEY TOOK OLD HUB HICKEY WITH THEM! LOOK!



WHAT'LL WE DO? WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY TOOK HIM. EVEN IF WE DID, THEY'D KILL HIM IF WE TRIED TO RESCUE HIM!

I HAVE AN IDEA! COME ON!

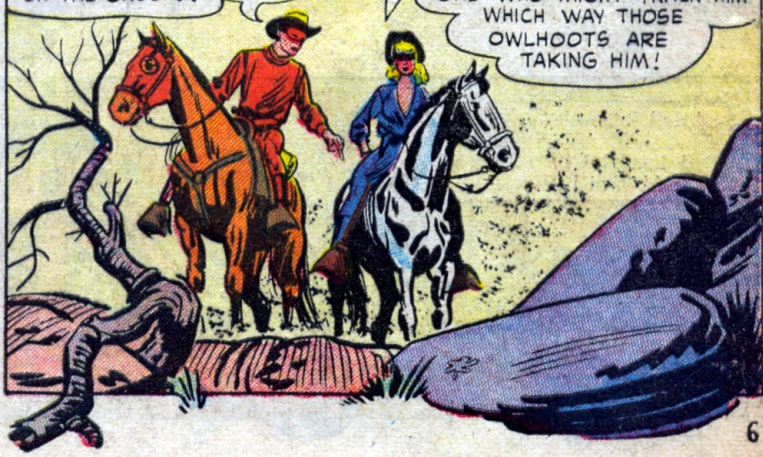


AT A SWIFT GALLOP, THEY RACE THROUGH CACTUS PASS, THEN SWING WESTWARD OVER THE RIVER...



REMEMBER THOSE BLUEBELL PETALS? I'VE A HUNCH THEY'LL TAKE US TO THE VICINITY OF THAT OUTLAW HIDEOUT IN THE RIPS AW HILLS!

REDMASK, SEE THERE! TOBACCO-JUICE STAINS ON THE GROUND!



OLD HUB CHEWS TOBACCO! HE'S MAKING A TRAIL TO SHOW ANYONE WHO MIGHT TRACK HIM WHICH WAY THOSE OWLHOOTS ARE TAKING HIM!



A WEEK LATER... WHEN SHERIFF BEN GAGE AND HIS DEPUTY HAVE RECOVERED FROM THEIR BULLET WOUNDS...

HUB HICKEY, THE PEOPLE OF BULLET MAKE YOU AN HONDRARY SHERIFF FOR LIFE!

DOGGONE! FER ONCE IN MY LIFE I'M SPEECHLESS!

THE END

